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universities. The journals of the state legislatures form an almost uncultivated province which will yield rich results to the patient explorer. His labors there will be rewarded not only by the discovery of the sources of many of the most important provisions of state constitutions that have been copied throughout the country and of statutes that have been copied throughout the world, the history of which is still unwritten ; but also by unearthing precedents in conflicts between the three departments, the executive, the legislative and the judiciary, between the two houses of a legislature and between one house and a minority of its members, which will be of great value to statesmen in future crises of our national history.

If the prizes offered by the American Historical Association will encourage studies in this direction, all scholars whose vocations deprive them of the pleasure of such original research will be as grateful to these students as they are now to Professor Ames.

ROGER FOSTER.

*The Journal of Jacob Fowler*, narrating an Adventure from Arkansas through the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, to the Sources of Rio Grande del Norte, 1821-22. Edited with notes by ELLIOTT COUES. (New York: Francis P. Harper. 1898. Pp. xxiv, 183.)

"I LOVE ballads in print for then we know they are true." This knowledge of Mopsa's we all have in reading Fowler's *Journal*. We feel it to be as true as print or preaching. Lying is not easy when one writes to aid his own memory.

Jacob Fowler made a land journey of thirteen months from Covington, Ky., to Taos and back again. His narrative begins with his departure from Fort Smith, Ark., September 6, 1821. He was second in command in a horseback party of traders and trappers twenty strong. Their route was along a branch of the Arkansas reaching that river near the southern line of Kansas. They made the earliest recorded march up that stream to the site of the modern Pueblo. Thence five of the company crossed the mountains to Santa Fe. Their absence was alarmingly long, but after four weeks they returned with permission to trap and trade in the Spanish provinces. Accordingly they followed the Taos trail, and arrived in Taos after ten days of mountain march. Thence five of them pushed on up the Rio Grande not only to the site of Pike's block-house where he was captured by Spaniards, but within one day's travel of the reported head of that river. The return homeward was partly down the Arkansas, and then over to the Missouri near Kansas City.

The memoranda jotted down from day to day by Major Fowler relate to a world in much of which he was the earliest explorer. They ought to have been published long ago. His experience as a land-surveyor doubled the value of his observations. Streams, their beds and water, water-powers, springs, trees, lime, coal, hills, prairies, animals, nothing escaped him. Multitudes in Kansas and Colorado will greet his book with a double welcome. Thanks to the illuminating topography of Dr.

Coues they will recognize the earliest mention of characteristic features in their local habitations. Fowler's cabin on the spot where Pueblo stands was the first house built there. After leaving the shadow of his starting-point he discovered no house during the five months' pilgrimage to Taos. His band carried no provisions except salt. Beans and corn were bought of some squaws, but most of the game had been scared away by Indians who would daily kill a hundred buffalo—eating little of them but the tongues. The Indians if hostile were robbers, and if friendly were worse, as thieves. Spaniards were more feared than natives. Neither proved worth trading with. Trapping was also a failure. Buffalo skins were too heavy in the pre-wheel era, while of beaver, the fur most coveted, the catch never equalled the days. One of the adventurers was killed by a bear. Horses were so often stolen that much of the day must be spent in securing them for the night, in pens four logs high with no entrance save through the door of the travellers' tent. They needed such a safeguard, even when near friendly Indians who had come home with two hundred newly-stolen horses. Their thievish skill was a match for Gines Passamont's stealing Sancho's mule while its owner was sleeping in the saddle.

Fowler's record is of laconic terseness, but it shows him as resourceful as Robinson Crusoe, and draws the reader along in wonder what will come next. His idioms cannot be forgotten. The cañon was "bound in on each side with a rock a squirrel could not climb." "No more rain than would wet a man's shirt. Wind so cold we scarce dared to look around." "Nothing to eat. We look at each other with hungry faces. Whites grew black in the face, and Paul(a negro) was getting white with the same complaint."

Odd incidents are the green hide of a buffalo used as a boat, and Spaniards painted like Indians. But the oddest of all also showed an aboriginal sense of humor. Fowler having broken one of the glasses in his spectacles, an Indian ran off with them, and Fowler's cry "stop thief" was answered by a universal laugh from the tribe around. The thief had fitted the spectacles on an Indian who had but one eye. The shout was, one glass, one eye. Fowler's own surprise, however, was greatest at a boiling spring spouting up and forming a pond of hot water "where the ice extended some feet from the shore." He was amazed that "ice could exist on hot water, caught hold of the ice and was not only scalded with the water, but was burned with the ice it being nearly as hot. It was a mineral that had congealed."

Fowler might have become an Indian monarch. He played a good bluff game in word and deed against threatening foes. By ransoming a Spaniard from Indian captivity he made that nation friendly. Thanks to medals and other trinkets he stole the hearts of aboriginals so fully that they refused to sell him horses and stole those he brought with him in order to keep him among them. In the multitude of foes he found safety, for each tribe defended him from some other, and his Calibans were less treacherous than Prospero found his.

JAMES D. BUTLER.